

# LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 21.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1825.

## LADIES MUSEUM.

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## Miscellany.

[SELECTED FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.]

### ALFRED AND HARRIET.

[SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.]

It was in the dead of night, and solemn silence reigned over all the landscape; not a sound was to be heard, save alternately the harsh notes of the owl, as he sat screaming upon some withered elm in the midst of the forest; and now and then a distant peal of thunder, as it rolled along the northern sky, but at so great a distance as to be scarcely discernable amid the rustlings of the gentle breeze, as it blew through the thick tops of the neighboring trees, that Alfred was called to watch by the sick bed of one, who, of all others, was the nearest to his heart.

Six months had scarcely yet passed away since his nuptials with Harriet; and during that time her health had been constantly on a decline. Physicians had been frequently called, but none of them had been successful towards effecting her recovery, or could even account for her complaint, till her debilitated frame proved to them the painful certainty that she was fast wasting by a consumption. For some weeks previous to her dissolution, she had, as are usual in this complaint, intervals of apparent convalescence; during these periods she would converse with cheerfulness, and had even manifested hope that she should yet regain her health.

She was enjoying one of these intervals the evening in which I have before mentioned her; she was even more cheerful than she had been for some time before; and from her uncommon ease of body it was thought she might continue so for some time. That she might not be disturbed by too much company in the room, it was judged prudent that she should not have more than one to attend her during the night, and Alfred was considered the one most suitable for that purpose.

The clock had chimed twelve, and no alteration had, to appearance, taken place. She had conversed freely, till he became apprehensive that she was

going beyond her strength, and he cautioned her to take a little rest, to which she submitted, and appeared to be settling into a calm sleep. All was then silent. Alfred sat ruminating on his present painful situation, for he feared that he would soon be deprived of all he held dear in this world, but yet hoped that she might be permitted to continue with him for some weeks, and even dwelt upon the thought that she might yet recover her former health—for the mind of man is always induced to hope for the best, even though the worst is apparently the only prospect before him.

Full of these visionary thoughts, Alfred sat silent as the house of death, till a deep groan, from Harriet, drew his attention to her bed-side. He advanced towards her, and she held out her hand, as if to take his for the last time! He took it, felt her pulse, and observing a faintness and irregularity in its beating, turned to go and call up the other inmates of the house; but she told him it would be in vain; it would soon be over with her; that it would only make disturbance, and she wished to die in peace.

She told him not to grieve for her death, that she was going to a better world. She enjoined him to live agreeable to the dictates of the christian religion, and hoped they might meet again, and in the world of saints, where their happiness would be pure. She bade him an affectionate farewell, and sunk silently into the arms of death.

Alfred stood, for some time, gazing with bewildered fondness on the lifeless form that lay before him. He seemed scarcely conscious of the scene which surrounded him; and it was nearly an hour before he could collect himself sufficiently to go and awake the remainder of the family. He walked the room during the rest of the night, scarcely knowing where he was, or what he was.

The rising sun brought a new scene to his troubled bosom; it rose, to be sure, as it usually had done, in all its brightness; but it seemed wholly different to Alfred, who had been accustomed to enjoy its first beams with his beloved Harriet. He walked out and seated himself by the side of a soft murmuring stream, overshadowed by a wide-spreading oak, beneath whose branches they had spent many, very many pleasant hours together. There his heart found vent to its feelings in a flood of tears; his soul became more calm, and he returned to his dwelling.

The first pangs of grief were over, and he could now, without faltering, assist in making preparations for her funeral, which was to take place the day following. He caused her grave to be dug beneath the oak tree which had been their usual place of resort, during their moments of happiness. He remained serene, and as much resigned as could be expected, till the day of her funeral. He saw their numerous friends and acquaintances collecting almost universally to pay their last respects to one whom he thought superior to all other earthly objects, and it

gave him satisfaction. During the sermon, he was solemn and attentive; and when the clergyman addressed him separately, he took every word to his heart. He followed her to the grave, where the coffin was opened to take a last view of its contents. He bore the sight with composure, till the lid was closed forever upon the object of his affections: it was then he felt his heart chilled—he saw her let safely into the grave; the first shovel full of dirt, as it rung upon the coffin, pierced his heart; his head became bewildered, and he would have sunk to the earth, but for some of his friends who stood near and caught him.

He was carried home senseless, and remained so for some hours; when he recovered so as to be able to walk, the shades of evening were fast spreading over the landscape; he went out, plucked a sprig from a wild rose-bush, that grew near the house, went to her grave, and planting it in the green turfs that embosomed her remains, knelt down by the side of the little mound, and offered up to heaven a devout prayer that he might be enabled to bear his loss with composure, and be assisted in the pathway of his duty, so as to be enabled to meet her again in the realms of bliss.

He has since caused a tomb-stone to be erected, with an inscription expressive of his sentiments.—The wild rose which he planted there, on the evening of her funeral, has spread so that its branches cover the whole grave. His mind has become settled, but solemn. He has scarcely let a day pass, since her death, without visiting her tomb, and there pouring out his soul in fervent adoration to that Being who is the immediate cause of our existence, and who nourishes and protects us. He pays but little regard to surrounding objects, and manifests, as yet, no inclination of again uniting with society.

### THE FORCE OF EDUCATION,

OR THE GHOST STORY.

It was ten o'clock—the moon was veiled in murky clouds, and no lone star twinkled in the firmament. All nature had sunk to rest, and was silent and solemn as the sepulchral shades of death; and I, as I rode slowly onward towards the cottage of my father, through a thicket forest of lofty oaks, had fallen into a sort of sober, pleasing melancholy; sudden as thought, it occurred to me, that but a few hundred paces before me, and directly in my road, an unfortunate worshipper of Bacchus had but recently, in a fit of intoxication, been dashed, by his horse, against a tree, and instantly killed. My first sensation was one of chilling, sudden fear. But what should I fear? I had long before rejected and expunged from my creed, the ridiculous ghost stories of the ignorant, as irrational, unmanly and vulgar. Yet in vain did I protest to the stillness of night, that I did not believe a syllable of all the ghost stories that had ever been retailed in the circle of superstition and ignorance, still my fears diminished



very little, or remained in full force, or rose still higher. And now my philosophy gained a temporary ascendancy, and now my terrors prevailed.

In childhood, I had heard those foolish tales, and in the ignorance of childhood, I had believed those ghostly and terrible narratives, and still those impressions of early childhood hung around my heart, and made me wretched. As I approached the dreaded spot, a conflict, dreadfully severe, was carried on between my philosophy and my superstitious fears, but I firmly resolved, be the result what it might, I would go on and see whatever might be seen. I whistled, to drown my fears: this would not do; and I sang as loud as I could; but even the echo of my voice seemed alarming; and again I was silent. My understanding stood fast to her philosophy, and declared against any fear of any alarming sight; but my heart cared not for this, but palpitated as freely as if I had no understanding.

My heart declared my head a liar, and my head declared my heart a fool. Still, however, I rode on, until the dreaded spot was just before me. The place was at a descent in my way, and I had first to ascend the peaked hill before I could approach or see it; so that the foot of the fatal tree could not be seen until I was within a few paces of it. At this point I looked with eager fear to the spot; involuntarily I bore upon the rein and stopped my horse; for, at the place where the tree stood, nought was to be seen but a whitish object of confused and uncertain shape! I was ashamed to go back, and afraid to go forward! But, finally, shame prevailed, and I cautiously moved to the spot! And now I frowned my philosophy completely triumphant, for the dreadful object was but the stump of the fatal tree, which had but just been cut down, for the better security of other worthy citizens in a like condition.

A cowardly General who happens to conquer his foe, is almost sure, when there appears no danger, to carry his conquest too far; so, I knew my boasted philosophy was virtually beaten in the contest, yet I felt some how, when I saw there was no danger, resolved to convince myself that this was not the case, and to do this by carrying my victory into the enemy's territory; so, down I got off my horse, and boldly seated myself on the stump which had so alarmed me, and declared myself possessed of no common degree of fortitude to do so. And longer had I enjoyed my proud triumph of reason, but for a heavy tread that was heard at the foot of the hill, on my left, in the wood, crushing the dry brush which lay on the ground, and advanced towards the road. Again my fortitude began to fail; but unwilling so soon to lose the spoils of my rational conquest, I maintained my position, but not without some perturbation, and not without fixing my eye on the place from which the noise proceeded. Still the sound approached, the footsteps seemed to strike the earth more and more heavily, until a large snow-white body that seemed not to touch the ground, appeared, and paused in the road before me. I sprang on my horse, without being conscious of having changed my position at all, until it was done! Again I looked, and the ghostly form had assumed another shape, and a large ball of fire, which seemed to answer as an eye, glared on the sullen gloom of the night! Every hair

seemed a nerve, and my hat seemed raised off my head! Again the apparition passed through another transmigration, and now two dreadful fiery balls glared on me! Cold chills ran over my body, and ice seemed to creep or to congeal along every vein! And now a dismal noise was heard, like a hard and heavy inspiration of breath in the desperate struggles of death.

My whole frame shuddered, and all my philosophy fled from my head, and mixed with the terrified blood as it ran from my extremities, and rushed upon my heart, where philosophy and blood together seemed instantly to freeze! And, now, as the breath thus inspired was poured upon the stillness of the echoing woods, in a hoarse and hallow sound, I was going to do, I know not what! But, I distinctly recollect what I did do—I laughed!—and well I might, for, no sooner had I fairly heard that dreadful sound, than I recognized in it, the lowing of an old white cow, which had liberally contributed towards my sustenance and comfort. Her limbs being black, made her appear to be raised above the ground just her length. Her eyes, and my terrified imagination, formed the balls of fire. Her change of position made all her mysterious transmigrations of shape, and so on. So, here endeth my ghost story; only tending to prove the pernicious tendencies of a common defect in education: the lesson, which, perhaps, all ghost stories, well examined, would equally teach.

#### DECEIT OF THE WORLD.

Said uncle Thomas to me, "You mistake if you suppose mankind are sincere in all they say, look and act." This was so different from my preconceived notion of the sincerity of men, that I was greatly shocked, and at once set it down to the account of uncle Thomas's peevishness. Being at that time young, and full of high-raised hopes, I was pleased with myself and every one around me. I had not the most distant idea, that duplicity formed any part of the character of man; or that truth could ever be sacrificed at the shrine of selfishness. I was just entering upon active life; a bright and brilliant prospect lay before me; I contemplated it with delight; friends smiled and caressed; and some whom I scarcely knew came to proffer their advice and friendship. How, said I to myself, in this moment of exultation, could my uncle so unjustly charge the world with insincerity? Filled with the idea, I hastened away to convince him of the severity and injustice of his remark. He received me with a frankness peculiar to himself. After the usual greetings, he asked me, "Well, nephew, how do you and the world agree?" I answered, extremely well; I have as yet found no reason to complain of its selfishness, or of a want of patronage; every one bears me the utmost good will and affection, and I am decidedly of the opinion, uncle, that you have formed a wrong estimate of the human character." "It may be, (he replied,) and, for your sake, I could wish it were so; but I have lived long in the world—have been a close observer of human nature, and the sixty years in which I have been engaged in the busy scenes of active life, serve only the more strongly to confirm my opinion. The world will court your friendship

so long only as you are prosperous. Your morning is fair, and promises a golden day; but remember that the brightest morning is frequently the precursor of the darkest day. It is like the deceitful calm that precedes the tempest, which proves the more overwhelming, as we the least expect it." Notwithstanding my uncle had given me the result of sixty years' observation, I remained still unconvinced of the duplicity of man. Unpracticed in the arts of deceit, I fondly believed every heart as guileless as my own. But the day at length came which dissipated this delusion, and taught me, by bitter experience, to set a just value upon the empty professions of hollow-hearted friends. Unsuspecting confidence in the honesty of others, had ruined me. In this hour of trial, I had recourse to my friends. Now, thought I, is the time to test the strength and purity of their attachment. But how was I chagrined and mortified to find myself repulsed and forsaken by those who had shared most liberally in my fortune. After several ineffectual applications for assistance, I no longer doubted the truth of my uncle's remark. This, thought I, is demonstration clear as Euclid. After suffering awhile the keenest pangs of disappointment, I was led to enquire the cause of being neglected by those who had but lately professed themselves my warmest friends. Am I not the same person now as before? Have I become vicious and profligate? Conscience whispered, No. Is it because I am no longer Fortune's favorite? The remark of uncle Thomas flashed across my memory: "*The world will court your friendship so long only as you are prosperous.*" Is it because I am poor?—This is the reason. And must a man's virtues, then, I exclaimed, be in proportion to his wealth? Must he carry his good qualities in his purse? And must they be estimated according to the number of dollars it contains? Are there no redeeming qualities in the poor man, that will place him on the level with the rich? But complaints were of no avail—they could not restore my lost fortune—and as for those false friends, I wished them not. What I lost in wealth has been gained in experience.

ELUSUS.

#### "FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS."

Affairs, more particularly of the heart, always make up a good many pages in the history of early life. I took it into my head that a little girl, who lived in the neighborhood, was absolutely, and to all intents and purposes, an angel; that she had no equal in the world; was the most beautiful, bewitching, elegant, ethereal minded being that ever was sent below the clouds: I was sincere and confident of this. I took every opportunity of seeing her, and, if by dint of courage and ingenuity I succeeded, it afforded me a week's happiness: these were all, necessarily, Sunday occasions, when people look as prettily as possible.

At last an extra opportunity of seeing the fair creature occurred: I was to go over to the farm on an errand. An ambassador, on his first introduction to the presence of a sovereign, could not have made a better display of his wardrobe than I did of mine.—Every hair was exactly adjusted; my hat put carefully on; a pair of clean shoes under my arm, which



were to be carried to the farmer's bars; and, in short, I went, as every love-sick blockhead goes the first time to see his mistress, most particularly fine, and, feeling most particularly foolish.

I gained the awful bars that brought me in view of the more awful presence of my angel. Stuck my old shoes carefully under a log, put on my new ones, and went forward, after having practised a bow or two. Walking leisurely down the lane as near the fence as possible, I met a drove of cows, and a girl dressed in a dirty linsey frock, barefoot, and with her mouth and bosom besmeared with *mush* and *molasses*, driving them forward with sticks and stones. I met the company—heavens!—the driver was my Sunday flame!—but what an angel. I threw my hat down in the road, rumpiled my hair, stuck both my shoes in the mud, and thought that I was going crazy. I was never afterwards a very enthusiastic lover.

There is a plain strait-forward way of trudging through the world, and we may as well accustom ourselves to it first as last. Expecting nothing, we shall not be disappointed; a little sceptical on many matters of appearance, we shall reach the reality without surprise; and the sooner we arrive at the age of reason, perhaps the better it will be for us.

#### A BRIGHT SCHOLAR.

A scholar of Dr. Busby's, coming into a parlor where the Doctor had laid down a bunch of Grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says, aloud, "I publish the bans between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him declare it." The Doctor, being but in the next room, overheard all that was said; and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten the Grapes to be taken up, or, as it is called, *horsed* on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out, as the delinquent had done, "I publish the bans between my rod and this boy's back; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined, let him declare it." "I forbid the bans," cried the boy. "Why so?" said the Doctor. "*Because, the parties are not agreed,*" replied the boy. Which answer so pleased the Doctor, who liked to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

#### ONE KIND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

A young Lady, having purchased an assortment of Music, on returning to her carriage, recollected a piece which she had neglected to purchase. "Sir, (said she, on entering the shop,) there is yet one thing which I have forgot, and which I must now request you to let me have." "And what is that?" asked the young Music Seller. "It is, sir, (replied she, hesitating, and running over the titles of the Music she held in her hand,) it is *One kind kiss before we part.*" The gay youth vaulted instantaneously over the table, and saluted the fair stranger! It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, who will recollect the song—"One kind kiss before we part"—that it was an air of a less touching nature than the one given by our hero, which the Lady expected to receive.

#### "JOSEPH'S" VEST "OF MANY COLORS."

Not long since, two Sailors, passing along a Tailor's Shop, observing a Tailor at work with his coat off, and having the back of his waistcoat patched with different colors of cloth, induced the sons of Neptune to crack a joke upon the poorfellow, when one of the tars cried out to the other, "Look ye, Jack, did you ever see so many sorts of Cabbage grow on one stump before?"



#### POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

#### TO ALBERT.

[MOONLIGHT.]

See yon bright crescent, o'er the blue expanse  
Of cloudless Heaven, glide like the fairy boat  
Of some fair spirit, voyaging around those Isles  
Of spherul light—whence strains of music float,  
And forms of brightness waive their mystic dance!

To fancy's vein she softly seems to glide—  
A "*barque of pearl*," upon an azure tide.

ALBERT, wish you not that you were in that boat—  
That "*barque of pearl*"—borne on that "*azure tide*—  
With her you love—with MARETABLE at your side—  
And you were listening to her dulcet notes,  
Rising responsive to the dipping oar—  
Or looking forth upon the Ocean wide  
For some bright port, for some elysian shore,  
Where, like primeval man, in Eden's grove,  
Your blissful hours might pass in peace and love;  
Where base detraction never breath'd her blast,  
And envy's serpent glance was never cast?

J. S.

Sunday evening, Dec. 4, 1825.

#### WOMAN'S LOVE.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,  
Is like the vivid flower,  
That lifts its modest head apart,  
In some sequestered bower.

And blest is he who finds that bloom,  
Who sips its gentle sweets;  
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,  
Nor all the care he meets.

A woman's love is like the spring  
Amid the wild alone,  
A burning wild, o'er which the wing,  
Of cloud is seldom thrown—

And blest is he who meets that fount  
Beneath the sultry day;  
How gladly should his spirit mount,  
How pleasant be his way.

A woman's love is like the rock

That every tempest braves,  
And stands, secure, amid the shock  
Of ocean's wildest waves—

And blest is he who knows repose  
Within its shade is given;  
The world, with all its cares and woes,  
Seems less like earth than heaven.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

How often I think on the scenes of my childhood,  
The meadows and fields where the wild flowers  
grew;  
The orchards, the pond, the glade and the wild wood,  
And the social delights that my infancy knew.

The dew-spangl'd lawn, and the green grassy mead-  
ow,  
The copse where the birds warbled sweetly their  
lay;  
Where oft in the wide-spreading trees' ample shad-  
ow,  
We felt the sea breeze in the heat of the day.

I remember the road, with its winding and turning,  
The green living hedge-row that skirted the way;  
The field it enclos'd where the brick kiln was burn-  
ing,  
And the pits where they dug up the smooth yel-  
low clay.

And I have not forgot when a storm was a coming,  
The hoarse rumbling noise of the waves of the sea,  
The old hollow log where the partridge was drum-  
ming,  
And the wood-pecker pecking the hollow oak  
tree.

I remember the old-fashion'd mansion we liv'd in,  
With the bay, and the beach, and the ocean in  
view;  
The swamp and the brake where the singing birds  
built in,  
And the tree by the lane where the thorn apples  
grew.

In that old-fashion'd house, in this lov'd situation,  
With small panes of glass and the clean oaken  
floors:  
Content was our lot, and no fear of invasion,  
Not a bar, nor a lock, nor a bolt to the doors.

But what was the cause of that tranquil enjoyment?  
Not the house, nor the fields, nor the prospects so  
rare;  
Nor the orchard, nor pond, nor rural employment,  
But the dearly lov'd friends of my bosom were  
there.

And the day that we parted, the heart-rending an-  
guish  
No pen can describe, neither pencil portray;  
To me all the beauties around seem'd to languish,  
And all the gay scenes quickly faded away.

Those transient enjoyments, how fair and how fickle,  
They spring up and bloom like the flowers in  
May;



But trouble and care thrust in the sharp sickle  
They're cut down, and wither, and die in a day.

But the joys of the faithful are ever increasing,  
Their source is celestial, their Author divine;  
In the truth they rejoice, and their prospects are  
pleasing,  
In glory and beauty forever to shine.

## TO JULIA

## THE DREAM.

I hear thy tread—thy fairy tread,  
Light as in past and happier days;  
To meet thee, love, in haste I'm led,  
With outstretch'd arms and strained gaze:

Thy beaming eyes now meet with mine,  
Those eyes I thought to see no more;  
I mark them in their mildness shine,  
With the kind look they ever wore.

And thy dear form—thy lovely form,  
Which bursts thus on my raptur'd sight;  
I clasp fast to my bosom warm,  
I press it there and drink delight—

And closer round thy yielding zone,  
As warms the soul, my arms entwine;  
Oh! his must be a heart of stone  
Which would not fire in meeting thine!

I press thy lips—thy coral lips,  
And cheek meets cheek with chastest glow;  
Not such pure sweets the bee e'er sips,  
Nor such soft bloom the peach can show.

Quick flies the impress thro' my soul,  
Like fire it burns in every vein;  
And, mad with bliss, beyond control,  
I kiss, and burn, and kiss again!

Within my arms—my glowing arms,  
As thou more close and dear art prest;  
Bliss dims my sight, fast fade thy charms,  
And life seems fleeting from my breast.

To taste thy lips I would essay,  
And move to sip their honey'd stream—  
I try in vain—thou fad'st away—  
I wake—ye Gods!—'tis all a Dream!

THE STRANGER.

## EPIGRAM.

☞ The following is an Epigram on a Lady, with  
an exposed bosom, who wore a Key, as a Broach:

Quoth a wild wag, it seems to me  
Quite odd—do stop and mind it—  
To lock a door, and hang the key  
Where every fool may find it.

"Hush, (was the answer,) 'tis a joke,  
You'll know it by this token:  
No soul can want the key—for look—  
The door is left wide open."

## ON THE HOT WEATHER.

Said Tom to Ned, let's give a call  
On all our friends—for, truly,

This is the time, what will befall,  
They can't receive us coolly!

## LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1825.

## SUSPICIOUS.

A Tailor, in Salina, Onandaga county, N. Y. in advertising his business, adds the following postscript:  
"Most kinds of Country Produce received in payment—CABBAGE excepted."

## SPORTING CALENDER.

The N. Y. Statesman publishes the following humorous account of a Race between the city Hog-Catchers and one of the *grunting* and *squeeling* gentry, whose pedigree, to judge from the description we have of its speed, must stand high at New Market:

The efforts of the "catchers," (says the Statesman,) have occasioned several ludicrous scenes.—Amongst the rest, the passengers in Broadway—the thoroughfare of fashion, taste and beauty—were, on Wednesday, entertained with a well contested, and for some minutes doubtful race. A good sized Pig was observed to be quietly discussing the remains of some offals, which not unfrequently adorn our principal promenades, when the cart, of course, stopped, and the catchers, (four stout blacks,) approached the animal with hostile intent and fearful note of preparation. They had "clipped him round about," and one had actually laid violent hands on his ears, when the creature, disapproving of their proceedings in toto, wheeled about, threw his immediate assailant in the mire, and held his course down the street, the three 'darkies' yet on their legs, pursuing, at a round pace. The animal now began to pull harder, and the hunters stretched themselves to their uttermost, so that the trial of speed became every moment more and more interesting. The bipeds, however, succeeded in overtaking the quadruped, but just as they were again laying ungentle hands on his body, he bolted, turned, and steered, [like Sawney,] "bock agen," they still in full cry. Broadway was, in fact, converted into a Race-Course; several professed sportsmen declared, 'pon honor, that the match was better than Eclipse and Sir Henry; the mopusses began to appear, and bets were freely offered, and taken, some on the "darkies," some on the beast. At one moment, the catchers were within a yard of the pig, and the betters on the latter began to tremble for their shiners; but at the next, he gave a squeak, and, with a few desperate bounds, almost distanced his competitors, when the sportsmen on the other side began to apprehend a loss of change on their part, and, of course, began to look blue.

The match was continued for some minutes with alternate appearance of success; sometimes one party had the better, sometimes the other; and many thought, that, taken all and all, the race was as edifying and interesting as many between nobler beasts. At length the jaded quadruped began to flag, and the bipeds, of course, to gain; it became apparent, that though the *speed* was with the former, the latter, (or at least two, for one had given out, broken winded,

at an early stage of the affair,) were his superiors in *bottom*; and, finally, the pursued, almost exhausted, was taken by the pursuers, seized by all fours, and introduced, to the tune of his own music, into the car. The vehicle moved onward, to get other, and we trust, less difficult prey.

Some cash changed pockets, but we believe the bets were not carried to so ruinous an extent as on some other important occasions.

## GENTEEL DUNNING.

The Editor of the Schoharrie Republican advertises as follows:—"N. B.—Wanted, at this Office, any quantity of the *Root of Evil*, in exchange for notes and accounts;" and then adds, with the most commendable regard to his own convenience, "Don't all come at once!"



## MARRIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Henry Simmons, to Miss Susan Bellows, both of Johnston.

On Monday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Crocker, Rev. Daniel Le Barron Goodwin, of Sutton, Mass. to Miss Rebecca, daughter of Wm. Wilkinson, Esq. of this town.

In Johnston, 4th inst. Col. Isaac Matthewson, of this town, to Miss Eliza Arnold, daughter of the late Mr. Philip Arnold, of the former place.

In Pawtucket, 8th inst. Mr. Nicholas Goff, to Miss Esther Sweetland, both of that place.—Same evening, Mr. Marchant Baker, to Miss Elvira Buffington, both of that place.

In Portland, Me. on the 27th ult. by Elder S. Rand, Rev. Russell Streeter, to Miss Faustina Cook, all of Portland.

In Springfield, Vt. 19th Oct. by Rev. Robert Bartlett, of Hartland, Rev. Dolphus Skinner, of Saratoga Springs, to Miss Gratia Walker, daughter of Leonard Walker, Esq. of the former place.



## DIED,

In this town, on Sunday last, Ann Maria, only daughter of Mr. Simeon Newcomb, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On Thursday morning last, Mr. James Burrill, in the 82d year of his age. Funeral to-morrow afternoon, immediately after Divine Service, at his late residence in Westminster-Street. Connexions and friends of the family are invited to attend.

Same day, Mrs. Lucinda Wetherby, aged fifty-nine years.

In Curacao, Captain Ira Mauran, of this town, aged about 38 years.

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